The LIFE OF A WOODEN DOLL

BY LEWIS SAXBY

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FOX, DUFFIELD & CO
NEW YORK

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The Life *of a* Wooden Doll

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By LEWIS SAXBY

Illustrated with Photographs
from Life

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To Maud

WHOSE ENTHUSIASTIC LOVE OF DOLLS AND THINGS
DIMINUTIVE, AWOKE THESE FANCIES IN AND
SUGGESTED THIS SERIES TO THE AUTHOR

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Springfield, Mass.

INTRODUCTION

This series of photographs attempts, merely, a set of poses such as busy little imitators of their elders are fond of making with their accumulated doll properties. It is neither story illustrated nor illustration storied, and is marked by natural and necessary limitations which, the author trusts, will but add charm.

MRS. Dolly of Dolltown is not one of those
Who, when laid on their backs for a moment's repose,
Move a pair of big eyes that are lidless yet close.

Neither will she say "Ma-Ma" when squeezed at the waist.
In her strong wooden talk-box no squeaker is placed.
Besides, squeaking, with ladies, is not in good taste.

Though her neat little body is made out of wood,
And her hair of black paint is made smooth like a hood,
See her face! How much better than pretty!—it 's good.

No baby is Dolly, though little in size:
She 's a genuine woman with motherly eyes,
And, as shortly you 'll learn, she 's both loving and wise.

On each day of the week she has something to do.
To her household and friends she is always *so* true,
And she keeps them *so* happy they never feel blue.

MONDAY

MRS. Dolly is happy the day
after Sunday;
All the terrors of washing can't make it
Blue Monday:
Though tubbing and scrubbing, to her
it is fun-day.

GEM

MONDAY

OUT to dry on the line, in the brisk
morning air,
She is hanging the washing, so sweet
and so fair:
Heavy garments, lace collars and hose
by the pair.

MONDAY

SEE our dear little wash-lady,
happy and free;
She is cheerfully giving a Blue
Monday tea:
So real ladies do washing, as here
you may see.

TUESDAY

VERY early on Tuesday she goes,
with a will,
At the warm work of ironing clothing,
until
Nearly—No, she is one of the sort
you can't kill.

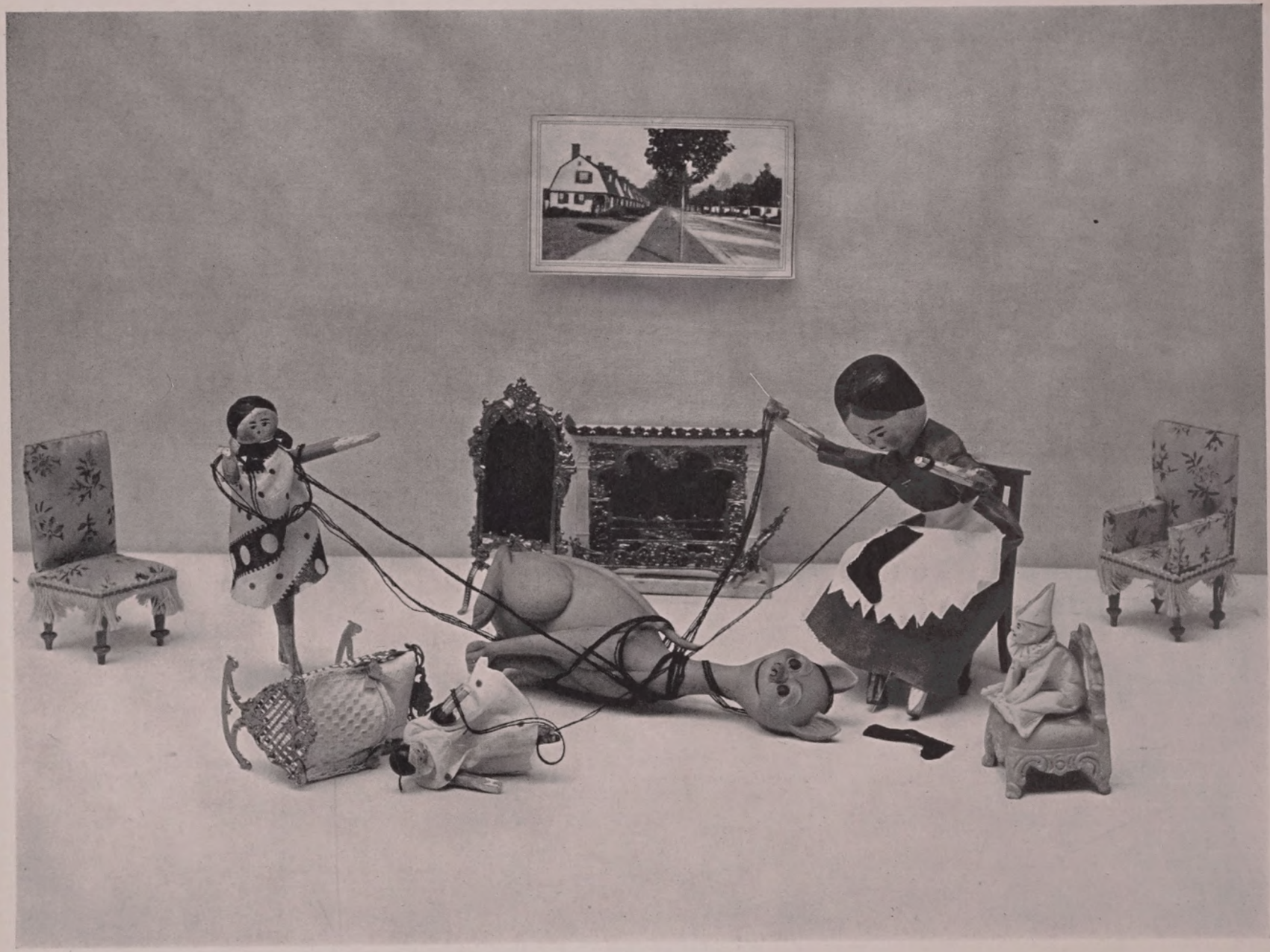
GEM

TUESDAY

BEFORE noon all the ironing 's out
of the way,
Such a wonder is Dolly, work seems
to her play:
For she bakes a large stack of fine bread
the same day.

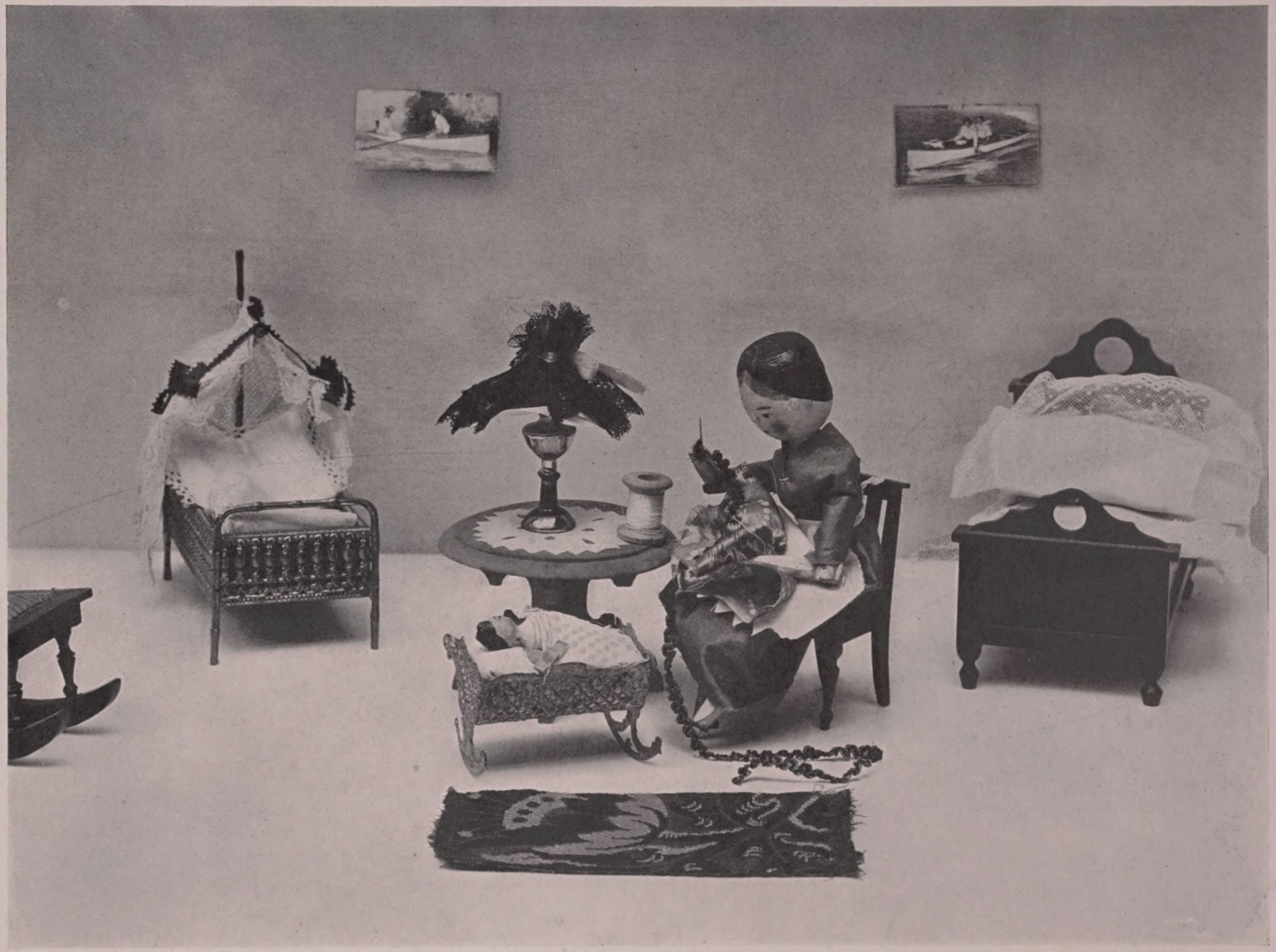
WEDNESDAY

O that bric-à-brac cat! he gets
tangled in wool;
Often out of the cradle the baby
he 'll pull:
Dolly christened him "Mischief,"
of which he is full.



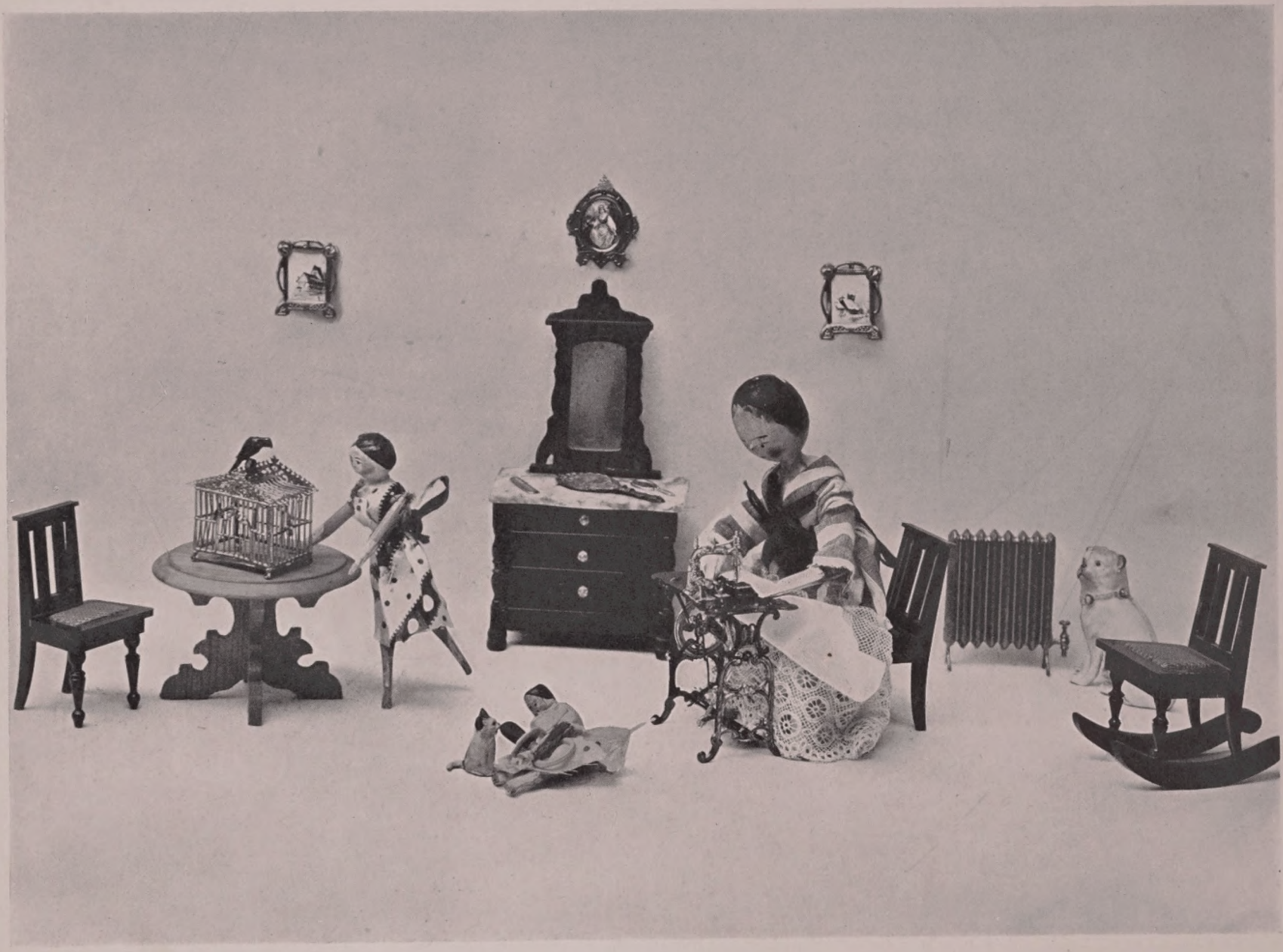
WEDNESDAY

FOR her trim little body, a trim
little waist
Mrs. Dolly is making with exquisite
taste;
And in daintiest style all the trimmings
are placed.



WEDNESDAY

TO the musical hum of her
sewing machine,
Dolly pedals with vigor, and,
singing between
All the long run of stitches, her work
is serene.



THURSDAY

TO a week that is full of hard work
Dolly lends
This one day of relief, when all
Dollytown wends
To her cottage; for then she 's "at home"
to her friends.

THURSDAY

IN the mid-winter season, when
evenings are long,
Mrs. Dolly gives parties, for dancing
and song:
She 's the recognized leader of
Dolltown's "bong tong."

FRIDAY

THEN on Friday she turns to her
every-day cares.
All the carpets, the pictures, the sofas,
the chairs,
Free from dust Dolly cleanses;
her broom nothing spares.

FRIDAY

BUT the sweeping and cleaning
are very soon done,
For our Dolly has lunched, and at
thirty past one,
She is off in an auto, to take
a long run.

FRIDAY

FRIDAY *must* be unlucky, for,
what do you think?
Baby fell with a crash which made
every one blink:
But they mended his spindle
as quick as a wink.

SATURDAY

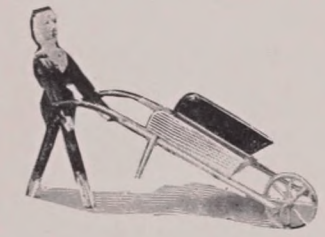
INTO Saturday's market our
housekeeper drops
Just to order some beefsteaks, some
dainty lamb chops
And a dozen frogs' legs safely trimmed
of their hops.

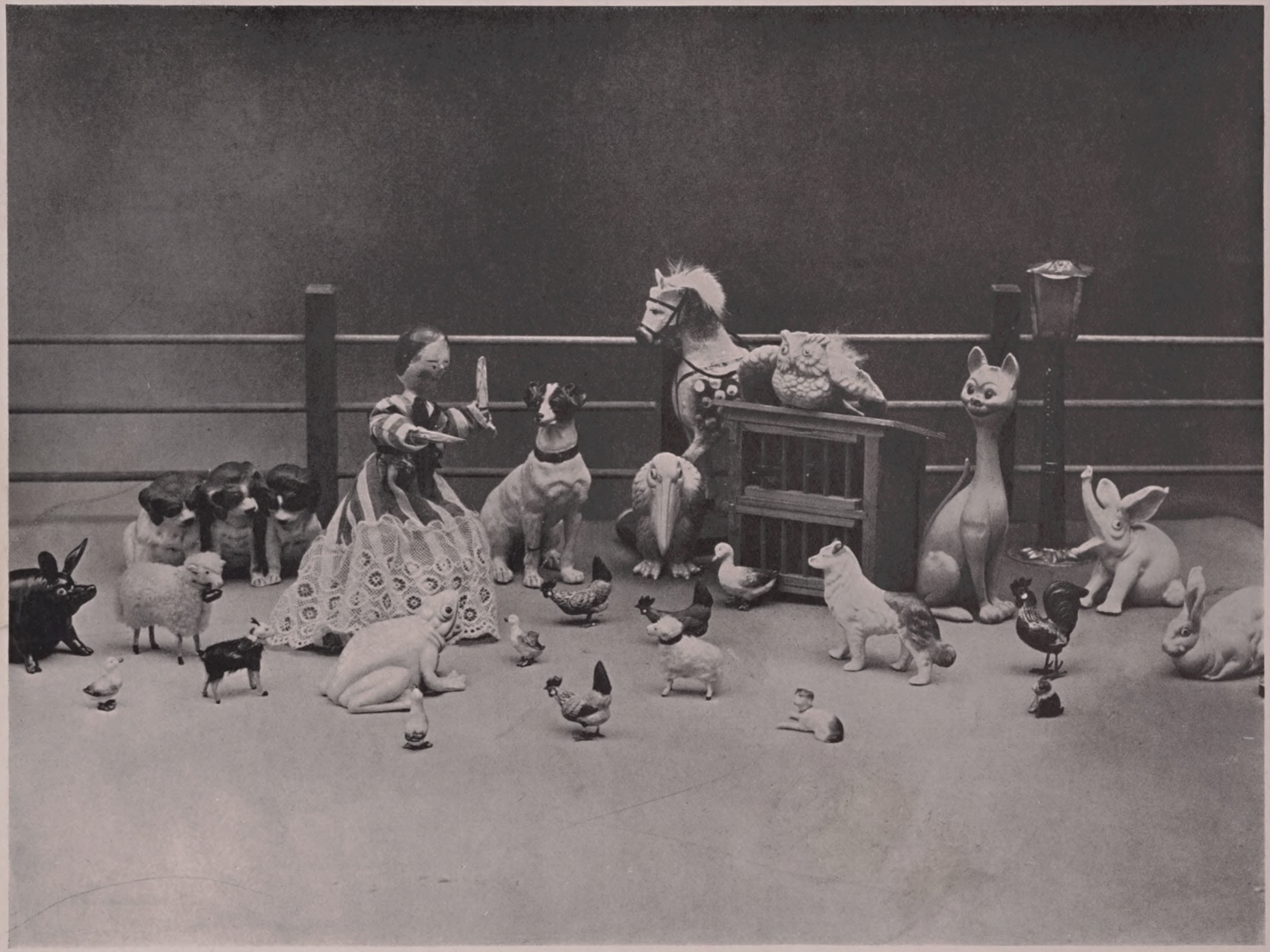
SATURDAY

NOW, to cook on good Sunday
is not Dolly's way:
So the food must be cooked and then
all put away
In the ice box and cupboard, for
serving next day.

SUNDAY

AFTER dinner on Sunday, she
lectures her pets
On their morals and manners, but
Dolly regrets
That old "Mischief," the cat, to be
solemn forgets.





SUNDAY

AS the churches of Dolltown are
built very small,
And the doll folk can hardly get
in them at all,
Mrs. Dolly holds service at home
in the hall.

Evening Out

DOLLY'S BOUDOIR

THIS is Dolly's own room where
she makes herself prim.
It is here she prepares to go into
the swim:
So she keeps her boudoir in the
finest of trim.

DOLLY'S GREENHOUSE

IN a pretty glass house, Mrs. Dolly
keeps flowers,
Which daily she waters with gentlest
of showers,
Letting in the fresh air in the bright
sunny hours.

BABY'S OUTING

EVERY day, in fine weather, she
takes baby out
In his new silver carriage, and wheels
him about;
Which makes him both healthy and
happy, no doubt.

SHOPPING

WHEN our Dolly goes shopping
she buys so much stuff
That it makes the express porter
stagger and puff
To deliver her packages, more than
enough.

Dresden
76

PING PONG

MRS. Dolly has carried the prizes along,
For her skill at the popular game of Ping Pong;
She is, surely, the smartest of all the smart throng.

DINNER PARTY

MRS. Dolly serves something
much better than wine
To the notable dollies invited to dine.
What is it? Just water, clear, sparkling
and fine.

POULTRY YARD

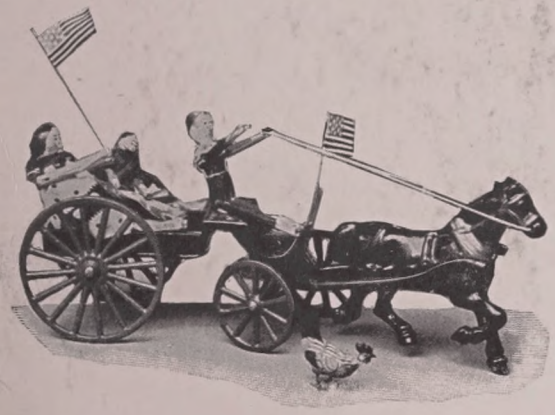
DOLLY'S favorite pets are the
ducks and the chicks
Who know perfectly well when it 's
quarter to six;
Then, they cluster around and
"cut-up" many tricks.

HORSE SHOW

DOLLY loves the fine horses; but
then, as you know,
The most beautiful horses have very
small show
Where such beautiful dollies and
donkeys do go.

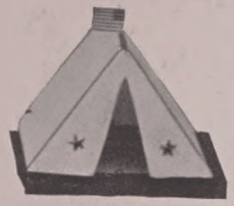
PICNIC

THERE 's nothing which gives
Mrs. Dolly delight
Quite so much as a picnic. Just see,
what a sight!
Old "Mischief" enjoys it; indeed,
well he might.



CAMPING

WHEN Dolly is camping,
excitement comes double.
Dear me! What has happened, to
cause such a bubble?
Oh, that match-holder baby! He 's
always in trouble!



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

DOLLY'S patriot family heads
the parade,
In the Red-White-and-Blue very
gaily arrayed:
For to show her true colors she's
never afraid.

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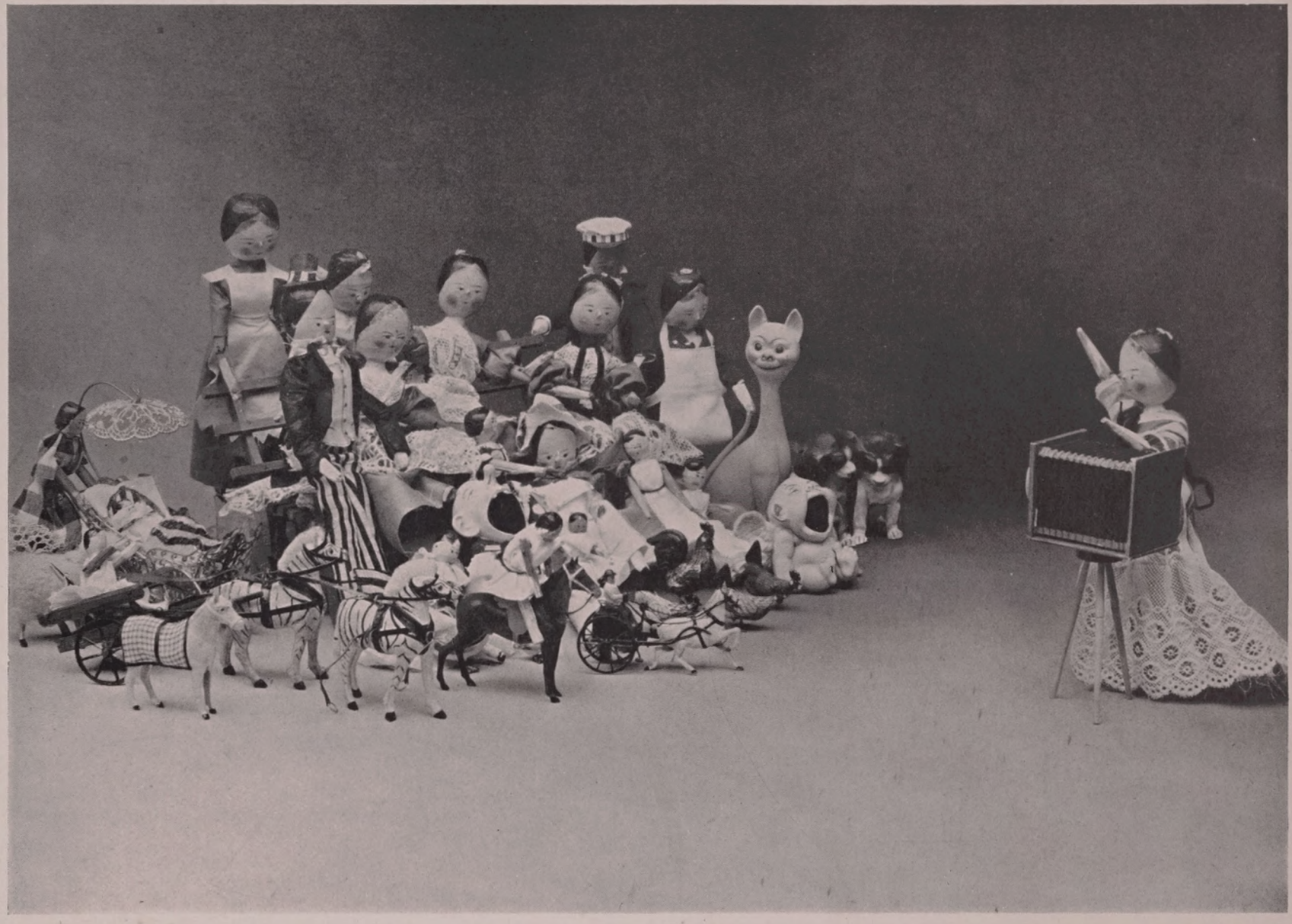
LOOK PLEASANT

HERE, a souvenir photograph
Dolly is taking
Of all the doll people and things
that are making
Her life, like this book, such a sweet
undertaking.



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